

# LASALLE NEWS

LaSalle and Sandwich West

"News About People We All Know"

Authorized as Second Class Mail, Post Office Dept., Ottawa

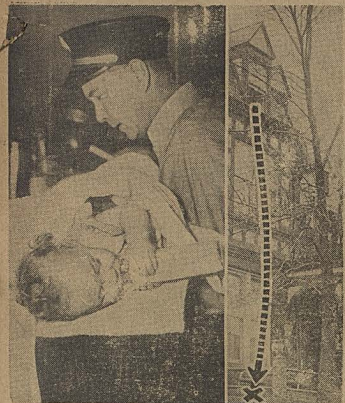
VOL. 4, NO. 28

LaSalle News - LaSalle, Ontario - Tuesday, December 22nd., 1953

S.A.G.

3c per copy

PAGE ONE



Safe in the arms of a fireman, GLENNA JEAN BAYLESS, winsome 14-month-old miss, enjoys a bottle of warm milk, apparently oblivious to the fact that only a few minutes before she had dived from a third story window and landed on a concrete porch at her home in Cincinnati, Ohio. At right, the diagram shows the course of her fall from which she miraculously escaped with a leg injury.

## PERSONALS

Ricky Clarke, son of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Clarke, Jr., of Windsor, will be able to spend Christmas with his parents, brother and sisters. He will return to the hospital on Monday, December 28th, for his second skin grafting.

Miss Amy MacLeay, teacher at Colonel Bishop School, LaSalle, left today and will spend Christmas with her sister in Toronto. She will be spending her New Years with Miss Thora Clarke in St. Catharines.

George Hadro, son of Mr. and Mrs. George Hadro, Sr., Front Road, LaSalle, and Tom Dufour son of Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Dufour of Gladstone Ave., LaSalle, are spending their Christmas vacations with their parents. They are both in attendance at the University of Ottawa.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Clarke, Sr., of London, will be spending Christmas and New Years with their daughter, Mrs. Joe Drouillard of Front Rd., LaSalle. Miss Thora Clarke of St. Catharines will also spend Christmas with Mrs. Drouillard.

Mrs. Fred Allen of Lafferty St., LaSalle, is in Hotel Dieu hospital suffering from pneumonia. Best wishes for a speedy recovery are extended to Mrs. Allen.

Mr. and Mrs. Len Andrews and their son Kenneth, of Front Rd., LaSalle, are leaving tomorrow for London where they will spend Christmas and New Year with her parents.

Mr. D. A. Stanley of Front Road, LaSalle, is in Grace hospital under observation.

## Next Meeting

The Ladies' Alter Society of Sacred Heart Church, LaSalle, will hold their next regular meeting on Tuesday, January 5th.



Soviet Premier GEORGI MALENKOV is shown as he addressed the Supreme Soviet (Parliament) in Moscow, Russia, last Aug. 8, according to the caption supplied with this picture by Sovfoto, the agency which distributes official Russian pictures in the United States. On that day Malenkov announced to the Supreme Soviet that "the United States no longer has the monopoly of the hydrogen bomb." Sovfoto says this picture is from an official Soviet newspaper.

## Goodfellows On The Job

Last Saturday, December 19, several prominent LaSalle residents were selling the annual Goodfellows edition of the Star on Front Rd. at Turkey Creek. This special edition tells of the good work of the Goodfellows over the past 30 years.

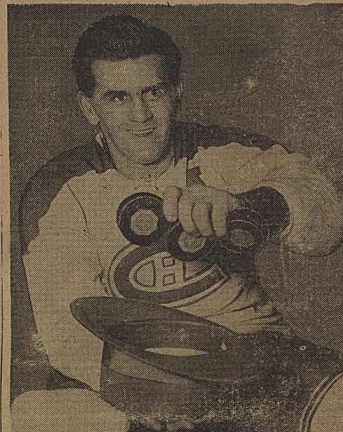
The money collected in Windsor and district which includes LaSalle, was urgently required to provide the Christmas necessities for needy families in the entire area. Knowing this, there wasn't a grudging contribution from anywhere.

LaSalle "Newsboys" included Mayor Herbert Runneller, Hank Seewald, Bart Evon, Jack Cornett, Gow Crapper and Ray Lucier. The "Newsboys" were ably assisted by Constable Mitchell Osadchuk directing the traffic.

## Special Mass

Sacred Heart Church in LaSalle will hold a special Solemn High Mass at mid-night Christmas eve. Father Martin will be celebrant and will be assisted by Father Dufour and Father Bezare. This Mass will be followed by Low Mass.

On Christmas day there will be Masses at 8, 8:30, 9 and 10.



Enjoying a big moment after a recent victory over Chicago Blackhawks is ROCKET RICHARD, seen holding three pucks, representing his goal production for the night.

## NOTICE

### ANNUAL MEETING

The annual meeting of the ratepayers of the Roman Catholic Separate School Section No. 1, will be held on Wednesday, December 30th., 1953, at 8:00 p.m., at Sacred Heart School, LaSalle Ontario.

Dated at LaSalle, Ont., this 19th day of December, 1953.

Mrs. Sylvia Dupuis  
Secretary-Treasurer

## BOWLING SCORE

### MEN'S 10-PIN LEAGUE

Bergeron TV	45
Pajot Insurance	41
Bert's Builders	41
Community Market	41
Alma's Flowers	40
Seewald Plumbing	37
Sunnyside Tavern	35
LaSalle Dairy	34
LaSalle Press	33
Ray-N-Rich	33
Lucky Strikers	32
Sunnyside Grocery	31
Sunnyside Garage	31
Gene's Service	31
Paul's Cycle	31
Fleming Appliances	30
Bart Evon's	28
Courchill Signs	28
Chateau LaSalle	28
Lightnings Paint	27
Vet's Cab	26
Conklin Lumber	26
Alma's Jewellery	23
Sunrise Bleach	17

High Average	
Roland Tremblay	179
High Team Single	
Alma's Flowers	928
High Team Triple	
Alma's Flowers	2614
High Individual Single	
Don Tessier	246
High Individual Triple	
Al Brunelle	642

## LaSalle Council

### Meets

At the regular LaSalle Council meeting on Monday, December 21st, insurance on the fire truck was discussed. The fire truck is covered by insurance for three months at which time a new policy will be obtained.

Lots No. 288 and 289 on Maple Street were sold to Melvin Schwan for \$70 per lot. Mr. Robert E. Piec purchased 61 lots on Plan No. 945 for \$8.96.

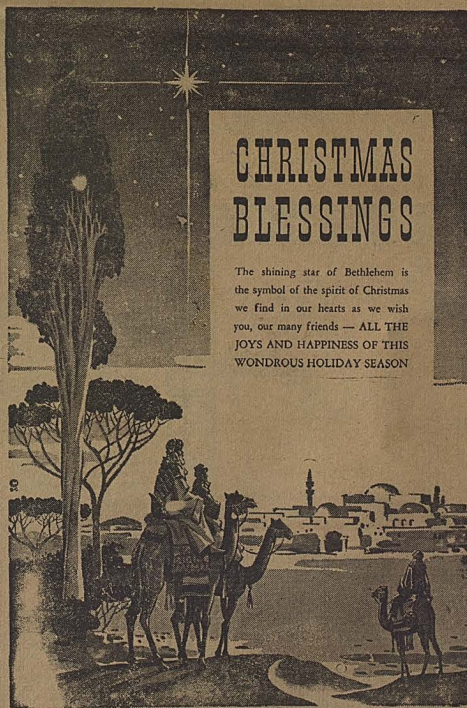
The Council takes this opportunity to wish you all a very Merry Christmas and the Happiest of New Year.

## Ready For Another Freedom Ride



SEVEN OF EIGHT CZECHS who escaped into West Germany last July in a rebuilt armored car, wave from atop the vehicle at New York's International Airport in their arrival by air from Frankfurt, Germany. The group and the vehicle, which arrived earlier by boat, were brought to the U.S. by the "Crusade For Freedom" to participate in a drive for \$10,000,000 for the operation of Radio Free Europe. In light trenchcoat is VACLAV KREJCIK. Others,

from the left, are: JOSEPH FISARIK, VACLAV UHLIK and his wife, MARTA, with their two children, VACLAV Jr., 6, and EVA, 4, and WALTER HORA. The eighth member of the group, Mrs. Leonard Cloud's 31, who had been denied permission to leave Czechoslovakia with her husband, a U.S. Army veteran, four years ago, came to the U.S. in September and is now living with her husband in Sioux City, Iowa.



## CHRISTMAS BLESSINGS

The shining star of Bethlehem is the symbol of the spirit of Christmas we find in our hearts as we wish you, our many friends — ALL THE JOYS AND HAPPINESS OF THIS WONDROUS HOLIDAY SEASON

LASALLE NEWS and STAFF



# Peace on Earth

TO ALL OUR FRIENDS

GREETINGS! Our best wishes for a holiday that is check-full of many, many good things - such as - happiness, good cheer and the warmest joy and peace of a HOLY CHRISTMAS.

LASALLE POST OFFICE  
Mrs. Clarice Charbonneau



Best Wishes  
for Christmas

Ray-N-Rich Barber Shop



LASALLE  
CHAMBER OF COMMERCE



To the many greetings  
that come your way at Christmas time,  
we take this opportunity  
to add ours, with a note of thanks  
for your continuing  
friendship and patronage - we say,  
A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS  
TO OUR MANY FRIENDS!

BRYSON'S DRUG STORE  
Sandwich at Mill St.

## Trombone FOR Paris

By Shirley Sargent  
STEVE ROLLED from the bed where Marge slept and started toward the living room. The glow of Christmas tree lights betrayed the children. Young Steve - there was a boy for you - had our hand in his stroking. Julie was whispering, "Go on, see 'hat's in it." Only "ris, the tall, older one, was quite still. Paris turned just as Steve said "Merry Christmas," sarcastically. Young Steve, with the engaging grin, whispered around, "Hi, daddy. Can we open our presents? It's almost daylight!" "Daylight, my foot! - It's barely two."

"But Santa Claus has already been here."  
"Bed," Steve commanded. Steve and Julie hugged him, leaving without argument, but there was definite plain on Paris's face. Paris - damned fool name for a boy. Marge's idea. "Bed, son," Steve reiterated. "Under the tree, dad. I don't see anything long and sort of curved."

That Paris, an odd one. An eleven-year-old kid wanting a trombone. It beat Steve. "I don't either," he agreed, meeting his son's eyes. "Look, you're too old to believe in Santa Claus, and too young to realize how expensive a trombone is." Paris looked down at the mounds of gaily wrapped packages. "Okay," he said in a flat, old-sounding voice, "so I get a couple of new shirts and Steve gets."

"Steve gets what?" Paris ground his bare foot into the rug. "Nothing," I was just talking. "Good night, son," Steve watched Paris out of the room before he unplugged the tree lights and sank into a weary armchair.

Paris was right. Steve did everything he'd asked for piled under the tree. Even an electric train. Cost a lot to keep a kid happy these days, but a trombone. Like the one out in the trunk of the car that was going back to the store first thing Wednesday morning. A man made only so much working in a laundry, trying to save enough to buy a half interest, so Marge went ahead and bought a trombone without a by-your-leave.

First Paris had to have lessons, then a rented horn to practice on. Now he wanted one of his own. Paris, a funny kid. Never listening to the football games like Julie and even Steve did. Always wandering off for hikes and bringing home

"Look, you're too old to believe in Santa Claus."

strange, ragamuffin kids. Happy when he could tinker with all radios, happier yet when he could listen to highbrow music. That shut, Steve didn't understand him and that was a fact. From a distance he heard the voices of carolers and, upstairs, the wailing notes of the rented trombone. That Paris! What was he trying to do? Wake everybody up? EVEN AS STEVE swung up the E stairs, to the attic, he heard the sureness in the music. At first Paris had practiced in the attic by request, but Steve had to hand it to him. He had worked hard; two-three hours a day until he could really play. Looking in on him now, Steve saw that the rented instrument gleamed. Paris had taken care of it - wouldn't let the other touch it. To look at his intent, happy face, you wouldn't know it was Paris whose everyday face was with drawn, almost sullen. That playing a horn that took all your breath to blow, would give him happiness was amazing to Steve.

Paris put the trombone down when Steve touched his shoulder. "You love to play, don't you?" Steve asked.

A smile the like of which Steve had never seen before crossed his son's face. Then, shyly, "Mr. Baxter wants me to play in the school band."

It was hard to keep his pride from showing, but Steve only said heartily, "That's fine, Paris," before sending him back to bed.

Steve went downstairs, searching under the tree until he found young Steve's electric train. The box was heavy in his hands as he considered. Toys didn't matter too much to Steve - he liked active things, in which he father could share.

When Steve came back in from the car, he felt like Santa Claus as he put the shiny leather case that was long and sort of curved under the tree. A trombone for Paris.

HAPPY  
NOEL!

May the music  
of the bells  
bring harmony  
to your house  
at Christmas!

Mr. and Mrs.  
Herbert Runstedler



May the shining decorations  
of Christmas  
adorning your home -  
reflect all the happiness  
we wish you  
at this time!

Sunnyside Garage



WARMEST  
YULETIDE  
WISHES!  
TED SEEWALD



BEST  
WISHES  
Our package of Christmas  
greetings to our friends  
is wrapped in appreciation  
of your loyal patronage!

Sunnyside Grocery

## Homemade SANTA

By Anne Beauregard  
HARVEY BUTLER ran a chapped face through the dark brown hair that fell over his forehead and stared contemplatively at Jack and Gordon Linter. Their blue eyes were on him wide and questioning.

"You sure there ain't no Santa Claus?" six-year-old Gordon asked worriedly. "Harvey laughed. Course the linter were little kids, six and seven, but they ought to know better. "You think I'd be parading around in spilt-out jeans an' a patched shirt if there was?"

"Probably Santa Claus is bringing you the truth after Christmas," Jack said hopefully.

Harvey sneered, thinking of the barren Christmas at his house. They were lucky if they had a tree even this year on account of his little sister - just over three now - mom had said they'd try to have some presents. "Any new clothes I get we buy," he said, "an' usually I just get my cousin's old stuff hand-me-downs, mom calls them."

"Well," again Gordon looked hopeful, "that doesn't mean anything. Mostly Santa brings toys, not clothes."

"Not to me, he doesn't. I tell you there isn't a Santa Claus except for your folks."

Gordon's eyes filled with tears and Jack looked like crying. "Are you sure?" he asked, his voice quavering. "Your little sister told me Santa Claus - Kaws she calls him - is coming to your house."

The wind seemed to whistle through all the holes and thin places in Harvey's clothes. "Carol said that," Harold.

"Yeah," Jack said, "you know how funny she talks. She said he was coming through the door, 'cause you don't have a chimney, when the lights are out and bring her a doll and some other things."

"What things? Try and remember," Harvey felt chilled. If Carol was expecting Santa Claus, counting on him like these kids. . . How would she feel when he didn't come?

"Doll cradle and a wagon," Gordon said. "And a trike - 'twike' she called it - painted red. You were just and weren't you, Harvey?"

HARVEY LOOKED at their faces and felt mean that he had told them the truth. After all he was eleven, big enough to know better, and they were just little guys. "Sure, I guess there is a Santa Claus, but sometimes he doesn't get to all the



"You were just kidding us, weren't you, Harvey? There really is a Santa Claus!"

houses. Like Carol said, he don't have a chimney for him to come down, so he probably missed us a couple of times."

The light was back in the boys' eyes. "Sure, that's it. What're ya making that scowly face for, Harvey?"

This time Harvey chose his words carefully. "Well, he might miss our house again this year and Carol'd sure be disappointed, so I was trying to think how I could see she got what she wanted. I think I can make her a wagon at the Boy's Club and a wooden cradle. You think that'd work?"

"Sure," Gordon agreed enthusiastically, "long as she thinks Santa brought them, she won't know the difference."

"What about the doll and the trike?" "You can't make those," Jack pointed out.

Harvey shivered, leaning against the board fence. "Mom gave me money for a haircut that I could use for a doll." Usually Mom gave him haircuts 'cause they were so expensive, but she had a burned hand now.

"Hey, Jack," Gordon shouted excitedly, "how about that old trike in the garage? Harvey could fix the wheel."

"Sure," Gordon answered, "and I'll bet we can find a red paint." "And we could make her some blood at the Boy's Club easy."

Harvey shoved his hands in his pockets, swallowing quickly. "Gee, that'd be fine, she doesn't have any now. See you later."

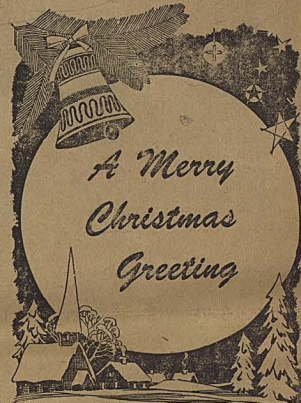
"Come on, Gordon," he heard Jack yell happily, "let's go find that trike."

As Harvey hurried toward the barber shop, he was glad he hadn't persuaded them there wasn't a real Santa Claus. It didn't seem to matter so much with all of them trying to make Carol happy. That was the way Christmas should be.

Ring out, Oh bells,  
For all our friends to hear,  
the joyful song of  
the Yuletide cheer -  
And, m / this Christmas  
be the gayest, brightest  
of all holidays!



MICHIGAN TAVERN  
MALDEN ROAD



To our friends - serving you  
has been a real pleasure -  
"Merry Christmas, everyone!"

Provincial Bank of Canada

MAIN OFFICE - LONDON at VICTORIA ST.  
W. J. St. Pierre - Manager W. Anthony - Asst. Manager



Christmas Cheer

At this time of the year, it is most fitting that we take time to express the appreciation of our entire staff for your good will -

A HAPPY HOLIDAY TO ALL!

RYAN  
BUILDERS SUPPLIES



# WANT ADS

**FOR SALE**  
An Assortment of Xmas Trees.  
Scott Pine, Spruce and Balsam.  
Frank Sterling, Reaume Road,  
LaSalle, Ontario.

**FOR SALE**  
Coal and Wood Cook Stove in  
white enamel, good new.  
Phone CL 4-0110.

**FOR SALE**  
Girls white tube-skates. Size 7.  
New. CL 2-4849.

**FOR SALE**  
1950 Ford Truck, complete  
with double disc, cultivator,  
and harrow.  
Kitchen sink, Hand Basin, and  
new bath tub. All fixtures  
complete to floor.  
1949 Austin, good condition.  
Phone CL 4-9087  
evenings CL 6-3952

**FOR SALE**  
3-Piece Chesterfield Suite. Good  
Condition. Mrs. Timothy  
Brunet - Stop 49 - LaSalle.

**AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC  
HOT WATER TANK**  
FIVE YEAR GUARANTEE  
30 Imperial gallons .... \$125  
Approved for flat rate Billing  
H. H. SEWALD  
PLUMBING & HEATING

**House of Prayer  
Pentecostal**  
Reaume R., LaSalle Ont  
SUNDAY SCHOOL 10 A.M.  
—Classes for all ages—  
MORNING WORSHIP 11 a.m.  
WED. NIGHT Midweek  
Service—bring your bible.  
FRIDAY NIGHT Young People's  
evening, no age limit.  
Pastor: B. G. AGAIN

**W. M. MENZIES**  
COAL & OIL  
"A Fuel for Every Purpose"  
Fort Street, Amherstburg  
PHONE RE-64363

Shirts to your Order.  
Made to your Measure  
Canada's Foremost Designers  
**Stetson Shirt Co.**  
BUY WITH CONFIDENCE  
WEAR WITH PRIDE  
Represented by  
**JOHN CHAPPUIS**  
Ph. CL 4-5685

**CONFEDERATION**  
COAL AND COKE LIMITED  
3510 Russell  
Phone 3-5214

**DRESSMAKER**  
If you have a Dress, a Skirt or  
a Child's Dress to be done for  
Christmas Call  
Call CL 2-6582  
.....Mrs. Jeanne Belanger.

**Orlo Farnham**  
No. 18 Highway, Sandwich West  
MASSEY HARRIS SALES  
SERVICE AND PARTS

**Refrigerators, Stoves,  
Rangettes**  
25 or 60 cycle  
Dawson's Used  
Electrical Appliances  
Front Road — LaSalle  
PH 4-5682

**PAJOT AGENCY**  
Ph. 2-7722 — 4-7408

**FOR SALE**  
\$7,500. - five-rooms and Bath,  
hardwood floors. New Gas  
automatic heating system. Side  
drive and garage. Terms and  
Possession.

**FOR SALE**  
5 acres, new modern home, four  
car garage, chicken coop, fruit  
trees, grapes, asparagus, berries,  
equipped fruit stand, also  
tractor and equipment. \$5,000.  
down. Close to city.

**J. E. LORREE, REALTOR**  
3506 Sandwich St. W. 2-8186

**Clearance Sale On  
Oil Stoves**  
FACWETTS  
Regular Price Sale You Save  
\$9.25 \$6.25 \$3.00  
\$118.50 78.50 40.99  
\$128.50 88.50 40.30  
\$154.50 104.50 \$50.00

**SHUR HEATS**  
\$130.00 \$90.00 \$40.00  
90.50 60.50 30.00

**Bergeron T.V. and  
Appliances**  
Front Rd., LaSalle, Ont.  
Ph. CL 4-5605  
OPEN TILL 8 P.M.

**FOR SALE**  
2 H.P. Bearcat Garden Tractor  
and attachments. \$150.  
Ph. 2-5451

**LOST**  
Liberal reward to the person  
Who might be able to find a  
skirt (rose color) which  
may have blown off the line  
during the night, at the  
back of the Sugar Bowl.  
Phone Clearwater 4-0114.

**FOR SALE**  
I have a lovely Coyne Fur Coat  
for sale. Sacrifice - Size 12. Call  
CL 2-6582. Mrs. Jeanne  
Belanger

**FOR SALE**  
Large Modern Coal-Wood cook  
stove. White with Chrome  
handles, copper reservoir in  
good condition. Reasonable.  
Phone Clearwater 6-1478

**Imperial TV Rentals**  
Ph. CL 3-4769  
Television Rentals, (large picture-  
tube), \$10 Weekly.  
Repair Service to all TV Makes  
A. W. SPURGEON  
2206 Parkwood Ave. Windsor

**LaSALLE BEAUTY  
SHOPPE**  
PERMANENT WAVING  
Complete Line of Beauty  
Service  
Phone 2-4866

**George and Armand  
JANISSE**  
Funeral Directors

**Canada Bread**  
FOR THE BEST  
BREAD, CAKE, SWEET  
GOODS  
and  
COURTEOUS SERVICE  
CALL  
4-2589  
or  
Gordon Parc  
LaSalle

**STOP FIRES BEFORE  
THEY START**  
"Two persons were killed, another was taken to hospital in critical condition and property damage is estimated at \$1,000,000, as the result of a fire which broke out at 2:20 a.m. in McLeilan's electrical appliance store on Main Street and spread to adjoining buildings. The town's fire fighting equipment was inadequate to cope with the blaze, fanned by a 40 mile an hour wind, and by the time help arrived from neighbouring communities the fire was out of control."

This particular story is fictitious, but it is only a variation of similar stories that echoed across Canada last year when "fires caused the death of 482 persons and property damage of \$80,690,000.00. Tragic, isn't it? It's more than tragic, it's utterly inexcusable when you consider that according to experts about 90 per cent of these fires could have been prevented. Most of the loss is attributed to carelessness and ignorance."

**FOR SALE**  
GOOD CHEER coal heater.  
Used only 3 months. Apply  
306 Wahneta, rear of Sunny-side.

**FOR SALE**  
Boil Straitfun sale in the barn.  
Thomas Bondy, Malden Road

**NEW NURSERY**  
PARTNER WANTED to start  
small Nursery, in LaSalle.  
Part time work. Write 1206  
Chivler Road, Windsor or  
Phone CL 2-5031.

**Christmas Contata**  
The choir of St. Andrew's  
Memorial Church, LaSalle, under  
the direction of Mrs. J. E. Aubin,  
is preparing to present the  
Christmas Cantata "The Choir  
of Bethlehem" by Noel  
Bach on Sunday evening,  
December 20th, at the 7 o'clock  
service.  
Solo parts will be sung by Miss  
Jeanne Cochrane, soprano,  
L.W. Cochrane, contralto, Mr.  
R. Huntley, tenor, and Mr. Bert  
Sik, baritone.  
Following the presentation a  
cordial invitation is extended to  
all to join in singing carols  
around the Christmas tree in the  
basement, and to enjoy cookies  
and tea.

**St. Paul's Church**  
Malden & Elliott, Sandwich W.  
Every Friday 8 P.M.  
ADMISSION 50c

**PROMPT-EXPERT**  
WATCH REPAIR  
SERVICE  
ALMA'S  
JEWELLERY  
STORE

**DRY CLEAN**  
PICK-UPS  
MON. - TUES. - WED.  
DELIVERIES  
THU. - FRI. - SAT.  
HARRY  
BOISMIER  
PHONE 4-0381

**George and Armand  
JANISSE**  
Funeral Directors

**Canada Bread**  
FOR THE BEST  
BREAD, CAKE, SWEET  
GOODS  
and  
COURTEOUS SERVICE  
CALL  
4-2589  
or  
Gordon Parc  
LaSalle

**COMPLIMENTS OF**  
Gene's BA Service  
Front Rd. LaSalle Ont.

**International Trade**  
From—  
THE CANADIAN STATESMAN  
As everyone should realize  
international trade implies both  
imports and exports, but possibly  
this is most clearly realized in  
a community where export  
trade is the chief business. In  
the lake-head cities of Port  
William and Port Arthur, for  
example, prosperity depends on  
the fact that other countries  
want to buy Canada's minerals,  
grain and forest products, and  
every citizen benefits directly  
or indirectly from the trade in  
these commodities.

Thus it is hard to understand  
why the newspapers of the  
lakehead cities should show  
themselves opposed to the im-  
portation of natural gas from  
the United States to serve To-  
ronto area, and in favor of the  
"all-Canadian" line advocated  
by United States promoters,  
hope to be subsidized by Canadian  
taxpayers to build a mammoth  
cost from Alberta to  
Eastern Canada.

It is most as if there were no  
available market for the Alberta  
gas. There are markets in the  
United States ready to take it,  
probably at a better value than  
head price than could be paid  
by the all-Canadian line. If Al-  
berta gas were sold to the U-  
nited States and Western Cana-  
dian cities, while Toronto im-  
ported its supply by the short  
line from the Niagara frontier,  
no one would be harmed by the  
trade, except the promoters of  
the all-Canadian line, and ex-  
cept the pipeline construction  
costs would be saved.

Most important to anyone  
outside Ottawa is the fact that  
if the international point of  
view instead of the parochial  
view were adopted, the Canadian  
taxpayer would not be called  
upon to pay a cent by way of  
subsidies. In fact, he would be-  
nefit from the duty of three  
cents a thousand cubic feet im-  
posed on the imported gas.  
Perhaps the international point  
of view and sound economics,  
not to speak of the interests of  
the taxpayer, have no appeal  
for the Hon. C. D. Howe, al-  
though he is Minister of Trade  
and Commerce. And of course  
it must be remembered in pal-  
lation of the lakehead news-  
papers' views that Mr. Howe's  
parliamentary seat is Port Ar-  
thur.

**Conklin Lumber**  
LASALLE - LIMITED  
Front Rd, LaSalle Ph. CL 4-0151

**Make this your one stop**  
**BUILDING SERVICE CENTER**  
Everything you need to BUILD..REPAIR..REMODEL

**GARDENERS ATTENTION**  
Now Is The Time To Order  
SEED TRAYS or FLATS  
Size 14 x 24 - White Pine - 28c  
Paints, Hardware, Cement, Lime, Plywoods, etc.

**BEST WISHES  
FOR CHRISTMAS**  
Our wish to you —  
That your Christmas  
be ever so joyful!

**YOUR ALLIS CHALMERS DEALER**  
**GORD'S WELDING SHOP**  
Leamington, Ontario Ph. 1035 — 1688W

**GREETINGS  
to our  
FRIENDS**  
JOHN OFFER PROP.  
**THE CLARK SEED COMPANY**  
Leamington, Ont. Box 165 Ph. 500-572

**Merry Christmas**  
Not because of custom only, but from  
our hearts — we extend our best wishes  
to you for a wondrous, joyful Holiday!

**SANDWICH WEST COUNCIL and STAFF**



## Real Meaning of Christmas -- by Fr. D. Dunn, O.R.M.

People all over the world celebrate Christmas in different ways. Their customs and manner of observance differ a great deal but regardless of this all seem to enter into the spirit of joy and happiness which the season brings.

It is interesting to note the various ideas and disciplines which people have in relation to this glorious feast of the birth of Our Lord. Washington Irving says: "The charm of Christmas lies in the thought that we live in the memory of our friends. 'Tis a season for kindling the fire of hospitality." Another anonymous writer says: "It's a thinking of folks like you that warms the heart at this glad time of yours." Dickens describes it in these words, "I have always thought that Christmas is a good time, a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time."

It would seem that these writers were more concerned with sentimentality and good feeling than with the real meaning of the feast. John Greenleaf Whittier comes closer to the religious celebration of Christmas when he says, "All God's creatures hail the morn, on which the Holy Christ was born."

But Cardinal Spellman tells what Christmas really is. He says, "Holiday and Holy day, Christmas is more than just a yule log, holly or tree. It is more than natural good cheer and the giving of gifts. Christmas is more than the feast of the home and children, the feast of love and friendship. It is more than all these together. Christmas is Christ, the Christ of justice and charity, of freedom and peace. Time cannot wither Christmas, for it belongs to eternity. The world Some view the birth of Christ

as a pious story which really didn't happen; some look at it purely from a pagan point of view; others are attracted by the custom of gifts and parties; many know the real significance of the coming of the Lord.

St. Francis of Assisi caught the true meaning of Christmas and has passed his idea on to the whole world. For Francis, Christmas means the birth of Christ.

John Jorgensen, the great historian, of St. Francis, describes the origin of the crib as detail.

In the year 1223, Francis himself celebrated Christmas in a way which the world had never seen before. In Greccio, he had a friend and well-wisher who had given him and his brothers a wood-grown cliff above the city.

"Francis now had this man called to Colombo and said to him; 'I want to celebrate the holy Christmas night along with thee, and now listen how I have thought it out for myself, the world.'"

These are but a few of the varied notions that men possess cannot shatter it, for it is union with Him who has overcome

of the great feast of Christmas. There are hundreds of others. In the woods by the choicest spot will find a cave, and there thou mayest arrange a manger filled with hay. There must also be an ox and an ass, just as in Bethlehem. I want for once to celebrate seriously the coming of the Son of God upon earth and to see with my own eyes how poor and miserable He wished to be for our sakes."

"His friend attended to all Francis' wishes, and at midnight of Christmas eve the Brothers came together to celebrate the festival of Christmas. All carried lighted torches, and stood around the manger with their candles, so that it was as day under the dark vaulting of the rocks. Mass was said with the manger as an altar so that the Divine Child under the forms of bread and wine should Himself come to the place, has bodily and discernibly as He had been in the stable of Bethlehem.

A holiday reminder — unplug your Christmas Tree lights when you go out or go to bed, just to make sure they are there when you return.



**Merry Christmas**

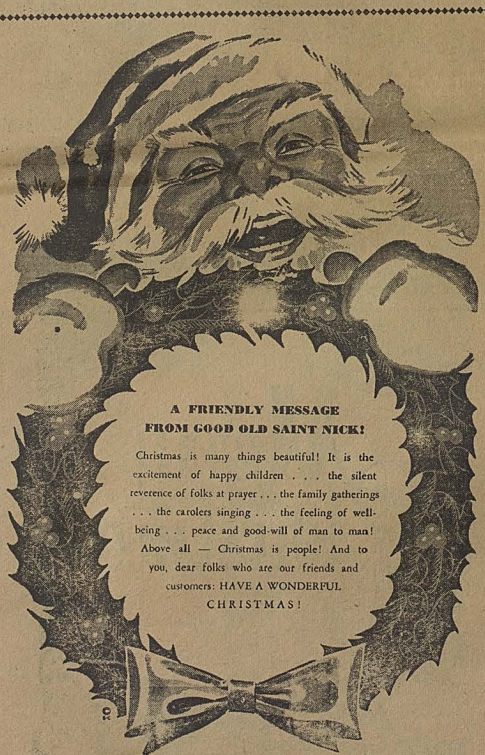
CONKLIN LUMBER  
LASALLE LIMITED



Our very best wishes go out to you at this holiday season — along with our sincere thanks for your patronage in the past!

LaSalle Community Markets

Hardware - Variety - Grocery - Meats - Deepfreeze - Range - Bill Percy

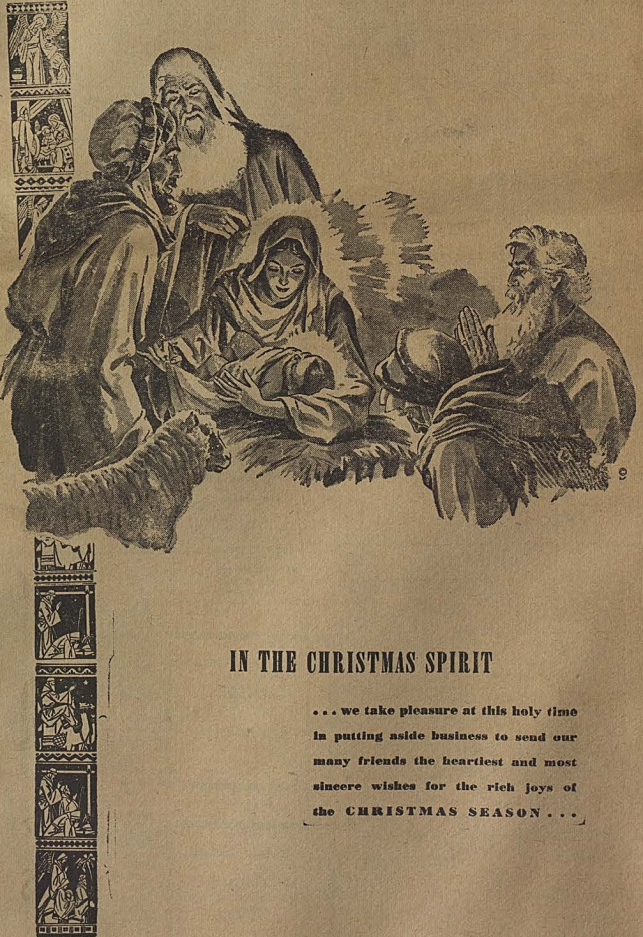


### A FRIENDLY MESSAGE FROM GOOD OLD SAINT NICK!

Christmas is many things beautiful! It is the excitement of happy children . . . the silent reverence of folks at prayer . . . the family gatherings . . . the carolers singing . . . the feeling of well-being . . . peace and good-will of man to man! Above all — Christmas is people! And to you, dear folks who are our friends and customers: HAVE A WONDERFUL CHRISTMAS!

Compliments of  
**PURITY DAIRIES LIMITED**

JOHN CROSBY — MERRIL GIBBS  
TONY DUFOUR



### IN THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

... we take pleasure at this holy time in putting aside business to send our many friends the heartiest and most sincere wishes for the rich joys of the CHRISTMAS SEASON...

**SUNNYSIDE TAVERN**  
Staff and Management






**CHRISTMAS WISHES**

May you enjoy a rich  
beauty of Christmas  
spirit, joy, gladness  
and happiness!

**MASTER CLEANERS**



EVERY  
GOOD WISH  
FOR  
CHRISTMAS

**CATALANO**

NEW LOCATION—334 Chulver Rd., in C.N.O. Freight Shed  
Sam — Nova — Charlie




BEST  
OF ALL  
GOOD  
WISHES

**CHAPMAN BROS. — Meats**



best wishes  
for the Holidays

**Alma's Jewellery Store**



**A Happy Yuletide**

As Christmas again lights the  
world with its message  
of peace and good will, so  
our thoughts are brightened  
by the warm memories of  
pleasant associations contrib-  
uted by our friends.

**CHATEAU LASALLE**

## CHRISTMAS CHEER

**Boys Killan**

NAN RAYMOND, seated in white starched loneliness at the hall desk of Ridgeville's ten-bed community hospital, stared disconsolately at the tiny table where she had just finished trimming.

"Would it be just too much to ask you to take Christmas Eve duty for me, Nan?" Grace, the other night nurse, had asked her some days ago. "I know you're going to be able to get home for the holidays anyway, and my family is right here in town."

"Why, yes," Nan had answered slowly. "I suppose I might as well be on the job as anyone."

The urgent ringing of a bell broke in on her lonely dreams—the handbell of the patient in room two. "Old Smither!" I wonder what long-winded complaint she'll have now," Nan grunted.

She opened the door. "Mrs. Smith, every grey hair in place, was sitting bolt upright in bed. "I'm expecting a visitor tonight. Where is he?" the old lady snapped.

"If anyone asks for you, of course I'll bring him up," Nan forced herself to answer politely.

"It's almost nine o'clock, and Algernon wrote definitely that he'd make it for Christmas Eve," Mrs. Smith gazed at Nan. "It's bad enough being here, let alone trying to celebrate alone."

"I'm not celebrating either, Mrs. Smith," Nan tried to sound sympathetic.

"Oh, you—you're young and strong, and well, this is your job." The woman sighed. "How well I remember Christmas when I was your age! Sit down a minute, and I'll tell you about the time we—"

"I'm so sorry, Mrs. Smith, but I have some things I really must do," the old lady ignored her excuse.

"The time we invited the church choir to supper and to help decorate our tree before choir practice," she went on. "Well, somebody became a carol as he tied a popcorn ball to a branch, and, do you know, before the last apple was hung on the tree, we had gone through our whole blessed program."

"Did you always put a star on the top of your tree?"

"Oh, my, yes," Mrs. Smith smiled. "I tell you just exactly what we did use for decorations. Let's see now. There were the popcorn balls, and cranberry chains."

When the doorbell downstairs rang suddenly, Mrs. Smith brought her-

## One Of Them

**93 Anne O'Sullivan**

HEBITANT but determined, Rand some had brought his fiancée, Hilda, home for Christmas to his parents' mountain ranch. Now, on Christmas Eve, Bridget, his young school-teaching sister, sat in the pine-paneled living room, admiring the yet undecorated Christmas tree. And Hilda seemed to be getting along particularly well with Gloria, the ambitious, the contemptuous, the wily whose city veneer flattered her mountain heritage.

He was the first to stir from the surprising but comfortable dark. "I'll take care of it, Ma," he called toward the kitchen, "probably just a blown out fuse."

"Wouldn't you know it?" Gloria's voice rose sharply, complacently. "Fear that whiny! Ma asked with the low, pleasant chuckle that characterized her to her family."

Pa, armed with a lantern, stamped in the back door, shedding snow as he shook his heavy jacket off. "Brrr, a real snow-filling easterner, but the animals are all right."

"Did you check the fuse box, Pa?" Rand asked.

"No much use—the wind probably took care of a transformer. What's the matter, boy? When you were living at home we didn't even have electricity."

"Yeah, well, we still got plenty lanterns around."

"Lanterns? As we got horsesense, we'll keep the lanterns ready," it was Ma's turn to laugh. "Likely our lights'll be off two-three more times this winter."

"It's that Hilda he's thinking of," Pa said shrewdly. "Let's go in with the girls. She's a fine girl, Rand."

"We can't trim the tree, Pa, when the light strings won't work," Gloria sounded petulant, discontented. Was Hilda disappointed too? Rand wondered.

Ma and Pa laughed. "You sure have the all-fireside short memory!"

"Remember the times we trimmed the tree with popcorn balls and all?" Bridget asked. "Let's do it tonight, shall we, Ma?"

"Why, of course, Pa an. I'd get a sight of pleasure out of that. How about you, Hilda?"

"I'd like to help," to Rand she sounded enthusiastic, but maybe it was just politeness.

"A sight more work too," Gloria pointed out. "Why you won't move..."

"I'll need another lantern for the kitchen, Pa. If I'm to string cranberries," Bridget interrupted restfully.

RAND KNELT beside the deep fireplace, built by his great-grandfather, to stir the coals. As a boy he had risked burning himself to pop corn in a frying pan; now he had a long-handled popper. The angry swirl of wind reassured him in a strange way. He was at home. Safe and protected. If only Hilda could share his feeling for this place.

He leaned on his heels, whistling, as the kernels began to pop. "I wish you'd let me help," Hilda said. "Bridget sent me in with a bowl, salt and butter."

Ran moved aside, finding it natural for Hilda to kneel and work beside him. Her eyes sparkled and her face was flushed in the firelight, but Ran missed his chance to ask if she were happy when Bridget summoned them to the Saint.

Gloria held up a string of popcorn. "Not half so pretty as those 'Means more.' Bridget said. "Means more like popcorn strings have a special beauty—the kind you can't buy."

Soon the Christmas tree was festooned with strings of popcorn and cranberries. It looked beautiful to Ran even before they moved presents underneath. He caught the satisfaction on everyone's face, though Gloria still looked cynical. Just then Hilda rushed out of the room and went upstairs. When she came back, she paused half-shyly in the doorway, an accusation in her arms. "I thought you'd have a piano and, now that the radio's off, maybe you'd like some carols." It's been such a perfect evening."

Ran knew then, as he guided her into the circle and saw the family make way for her, that Hilda was one of them and his voice rose exultantly in "O, Come All Ye Faithful."




A Good Old-Fashioned Christmas  
to You and Yours

**CONSUMER' WAREHOUSE**



All of us — staff and management — extend to you our wishes that every joy and blessing will be yours in the cheery holiday season — and, that its many pleasures will thrill your household.

**LA SALLE COUNCIL and STAFF**



**Gala New Year's Party!**

**SUNNYSIDE TAVERN**

Phone Now and Make Sure of Your Reservation

**Ph. CL. 2-0801**

IT'S THE EVENT  
OF THE SEASON...

**AND YOU'RE INVITED**

DON'T MISS  
THIS FUN-FEST !!!





## Albemy J. Janisse and Son

Your Funeral Home

Albemy - Resident 5-4164 Francis - Resident 5-1524

411 Sandwich Street East Phone 4-2585  
Michigan and Ontario License



## COLD REMEDIES

### PATERSON DRUG STORES

"FOUR FIRST RATE STORE"

Wyandotte at Lincoln - Erie at Goyeau  
3206 Sandwich St. W. - Wyandotte at Randolph

## "Windsor's Favorite Dry Cleaners"

Ph. CL 3-6335

1081 Ottawa



## Greetings of the Season.

### BART EVON'S

TELEVISION - APPLIANCES

BART - MARC - JIM - EARL



## Season's Greetings

COMPLIMENTS OF  
PAJOT AGENCY



## GREETINGS OF THE SEASON

May your Christmas be  
replete with the  
rich blessings of  
the holy season...

SAM CHUBA HARDWARE

PHONE CL. 4-8277



By Anna Yarbrough

ELLA CLOUD stood back and eyed the tree with approval. Honestly, she thought, it's beautiful, even if it is more a New Year's tree than a Christmas tree. A surge of joy rushed through her. Mary would soon be home. Any minute now, Charles would be back from the hospital with her. Ella looked anxiously about the charming living room; everything must be done to make Mary's New Year a happy one.

Ella sank tiredly down in a chair, and covered her eyes with her plump hands. Two years since that awful day of the accident, but it seemed as vivid as yesterday. It was late afternoon when she got that message that her daughter had been in a traffic accident. The mad race to the hospital had been a nightmare. They wouldn't let her see Mary. She was glad, now, that they hadn't.

She felt tears trickle between her fingers. Mary had been bitter; wanted to die. And absolutely refused to see anyone, not even her mother, or Charles or little Charlie.

Then the operations began, one after another, until that happy day when Mary consented to see her. How precious Mary looked. Her blond curls spilled over her pillow. The doctors had performed mira-



"Aw, Mom," he said, "aw, your nose!"

cles. Little by little they had built Mary's face up again.

Ella entered a car stop, then foot-steps coming up the walk.

The front door opened. Tall handsome Charles and Mary stood in the doorway. Then Mary was in Ella's arms, and she was saying, "Oh, Honey, we're glad to have you home."

Mary was brought into the house, fussed over almost as much as a brand-new baby, and finally was settled comfortably in a big chair. Not until the first wave of the home-coming excitement had passed was she able to bring herself to express the uneasiness that had been in her heart all day.

There was a catch in Mary's voice when she asked, "Where's little Charlie?"

Suddenly fear choked Ella. She wished she had cautioned little Charlie not to mention his mother's face, but it was too late now.

"He— he went to a party," Ella said as she helped settle Mary on the divan.

A blare of children's voices sounded. "Good-night, Charlie!" then little Charlie's, "Goodnight!"

THE DOOR BURST OPEN, and in all his eight-year-old inquisitiveness, and stared at his mother.

The child's countenance fell.

"Aw, Mom," he said, "Aw! Your nose!"

Ella said hurriedly, "It's a nice nose. Isn't it, Charlie?" Silently she was praying, "Oh, God, make him say the right thing."

Little Charlie's face twisted into a frown. "I don't see anything especially nice about it. It looks just like the nose Mom always had. And I've invited all the kids over to-morrow to see Mom's doctor-made nose. Now, Butch Mitchell's going to tease me something awful!"

Suddenly, Mary began to laugh. The tears trickled down her pale cheeks. She was laughing as she had thousands of times before the accident, wholeheartedly.

Little Charlie said dejectedly, "It ain't nothing to laugh about. I thought sure you'd come back from the hospital with something to show."

Mary stopped, laughed, thought a second, then asked solemnly "Would two toes off do?"

Little Charlie's expression brightened. "Honest, Mom?"

Quickly Mary slipped off her shoes, then hose, and held up one pretty slender foot, "See," she said. Two small toes were neatly amputated.

"Collect!" Little Charlie grinned. "That'll do just fine, Mom."

Mary was laughing again, and hugging her young son.

To keep from bursting into tears of pure joy, Ella asked, "How do you like the New Year's tree, Charlie?"

Little Charlie shrugged, "It'll do," he said with a grin.

Big Charles' arms were around Mary. He answered, "Mother, that's a beautiful tree, but not as beautiful as our Mary."

Ella smiled. It was going to be a Happy New Year for Mary.



# Buy Now! Pay in 1954

90 Days Same as Cash



Only the new Model 10 Mixmaster has the exclusive larger BOWL-IT beaters for EVEN mixing, greater AERATION, and lighter, higher, finer-textured cakes.

\$63.95



She'll be pleased with the Sunbeam



\$29.95



## Sunbeam RADIANT CONTROL TOASTER

Only the completely automatic Sunbeam toasts with Radiant Control. Moist bread or dry, thick slices or thin—always get the same uniform toasting. Automatic Beyond Belief.

\$39.95

## WE HAVE IT!

## Sunbeam COOKER & DEEP FRYER

- Exclusive Cook-Guide
- Thermostatic Control with "Simmer" Range
- Large New-type Fry-Basket



Does MORE Things BETTER. Only this sensational new Sunbeam Cooker & Deep Fryer gives you so many exclusive advantages—so much greater usefulness. Use it everyday for DEEP-FRIED potatoes, chicken, doughnuts, and sea-food. Use it everyday to COOK pot-roast, stewed meats and chicken, soups, vegetables, fruit and casserole dishes, or for steaming, warming buns and popping corn. No end to its usefulness. Lightweight—easy-to-clean—large in capacity.

\$41.95

# BERGERON Television - Appliances

Front Road  
LaSalle, Ont


Phone 4-5605  
open till 8 p.m.



RECEIVED

PO  
CHRISTMAS  
GREETINGS

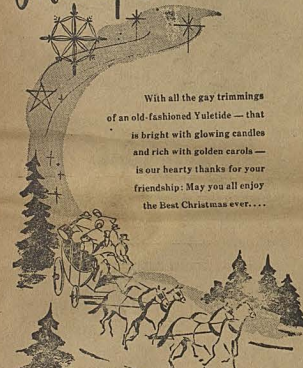
Write this Yuletide message to our many friends, in appreciation of their loyalty, gives us our greatest pleasure at this happy season of the year.



Sugar Bowl Restaurant

A VERY Merry Christmas


With all the gay trimmings of an old-fashioned Yuletide—that is bright with glowing candles and rich with golden carols—is our hearty thanks for your friendship: May you all enjoy the Best Christmas ever...



BERGERON APPLIANCES  
AND  
RIVERVIEW GARAGE

Christmas

Good will to men is the Christmas way  
... Our way, this Christmas, is to thank you for your good will and to assure you of ours, always. . . .



CORNETT'S DRUG STORE  
and MRS. I. GIONAC

Christmas Pearls

by Royce Fleming

THE JOLLY SANTA, ringing his bell in an appeal for contributions for the needy, grinned his thanks as Dick Slater dropped a bill into the kettle. The donation was a salute, not only to the Yuletide spirit, but to Dick's own good fortune. He had a home, a lovely wife named Jean, and a smaller reproduction of himself named Pete. What more could a man want?

One other thing made this a great day for Dick. He was on his way to fulfill a dream. While they were still engaged, he had bought a stano of simulated pearls for Jean. Some how the feeling had grown on him that, until he could replace the phony baubles with a string of real ones, he wouldn't be a success in the eyes of his dark-haired, brown-eyed Jean.

"Put this card on the outside of the package," he told the clerk who wrapped his gift. On the card he had written: TO A REAL PEARL—A STRING OF THEM!

It was beginning to get dark when Dick got off the train in suburban Roseville where he lived. He started to walk briskly toward his home, two blocks away. Happy in the glow of having, at least, realized his cherished dream, he didn't see the figure lurking in the dark alley till the man stepped out and thrust the stu into his abdomen.

"This is a stickup!" the thug snapped hoarsely. "Turn around and get your hands up!"

A feeling of relief flooded Dick as he remembered he had spent most of his money on the necklace. Then the thought hit him—the neckles itself was in his pocket!

"Listen fellow," he pleaded, over his shoulder, "the gunman, 'I have a Christmas present for my wife in my pocket. Take my money but leave me that!"

The hoodlum didn't answer. Meth odically, he continued taking every thing out of Dick's pockets. As his hand started to remove the precious little package, Dick Slater went wild! He whirled, slapping with his left hand at about where he thought the gun would be. He caught nothing. The thief merely stepped back and brought the heavy gun crashing down on his victim's head.

AS THE DARKNESS cleared away, Dick became aware that he was in a hospital. Gradually, he realized Jean and little Pete were beside his bed.

"Hello," he said groggily.

"Oh, Dick!" Jean half sobbed, half laughed. "I've been scared! The

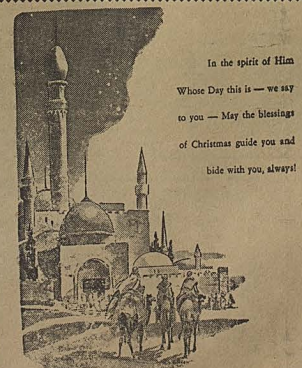


The thief merely stepped back and brought the heavy gun crashing down on his victim's head.

doctor says you only have a slight concussion, though, and you're going to be all right!"

As his head began to clear,

In the spirit of Him  
Whose Day this is—we say  
to you—May the blessings  
of Christmas guide you and  
bide with you, always!



CHARETTE'S and  
LASALLE BEAUTY SHOPPE



Little CHARLES STONE got the scare of his life the other day when he peered into a museum case and saw the mummified hands of a king and queen from an ancient tomb in Egypt, while visiting the White Museum in San Antonio, Texas. Charles was touring the museum with his fellow students of the Sejourner Truth Elementary school. His teacher settled his nerves by showing him an ancient car.

the realization of his loss overwhelmed Dick. The necklace—his precious gift was gone!

"I had a present for you, Jean," he began.

"I know, Foolish," his wife cut in, "and you almost lost your life trying to save it!"

"But it was the string of real pearls I've always wanted you to have, Jean. You know how much they meant to me!"

"Yes, I've known the silly obsession you've had about my wearing simulated pearls," Jean said almost sternly. "It never seemed to occur to you that my husband and little Pete were the real pearls in my life!"

"Well, this is going to be a bum Christmas for you," Dick said glumly, "and I thought it would be the best yet."

"It's going to be," Jean told him. "Look!"

She put her arm under his shoulder and lifted him to a sitting position. In one corner of the room was a beautiful little Christmas tree. Piled high under it were the gifts he and Jean had wrapped for little Pete. Jean went over and brought back two of the packages. One was her present to him—a watch he had wanted. The other package...

Suddenly, he recognized it—the pearls!

"Yes," Jean said, "my pearls. When the police caught the thief, he hadn't time to open them even."

Dick pulled his wife to him and said huskily, "It is a wonderful Christmas, darling, and you're right. The real pearls are the things we carry in our hearts!"



Again this Christmas we rejoice as we recall the many grand associations with our many friends; To all of you who have favored us with your patronage, it is our fondest wish that you enjoy every joy, good health and happiness of this cheery season!

LA SALLE DAIRY and STAFF  
Ullyse Dupuis Prop.

Merry Christmas

With heartfelt appreciation for your kind patronage, this year, as always—we are happy to send you our Greetings of the season with our sincere wishes for your health, wealth and happiness the Holiday and long, thereafter!

BOB FLEMING & SON  
Malden Ron, LaSalle, Ontario Ph. CL. 2-5420  
YOUR G.E. and ADMIRAL APPLIANCE DEALER





ORLO FARNHAM  
Your Massey Harris Dealer



PATERSON DRUG STORE



EFFIE'S SNACK BAR  
Phone CL. 4-7400



There is no  
substitute for  
the age-old greeting  
we extend to our many friends —

MERRY CHRISTMAS!

JANISSE BROS.  
Funeral Home



By Doris Hesse  
NEVVY WISHED his worn shoes wouldn't make so much noise on the cobblestoned alley. In the dark, he saw the discarded Christmas tree standing tall beside a trash barrel and even the rank odour of the alley couldn't drown out the faint fragrance of pine needles.

Nevvy shivered, taking his hands from the delicious protection of his pockets to pull his one mitten on. The tree, his tree! (Just as he noticed it, he heard a shout.) Someone was coming down the path that led from the big house to the alley.

For an eleven-year-old Nevvy was fast, but the shout came again and then hard pounding steps. Then, abruptly, he stopped as a large hand grasped his shoulder.

The grip on Nevvy's thin shoulder tightened as a loud voice demanded: "Where're you going with our tree?" Nevvy twisted around to face a husky boy in a letterman's sweater. "You threw it out."

"Does that mean you can take it? You alley kids start in young."

"It wasn't stealing," angrily, Nevvy heard his voice shake. "Tomorrow the trash man would have got it."

The light from a neon sign spot lighted them on a road where the boy said, letting him go.

"Thirteen," Nevvy spoke quietly. "Don't lie," the older boy counted sharply. "Look, this is my tree."

"All right, so I'm eleven and I know it's your tree."

"But today's the third of January," the boy said in a friendly voice. "What do you want an old dead tree for anyway?"

Nevvy wanted to say "You couldn't understand," but then he looked at the tree, still green and fragrant even if the needles were shattering, and spoke carefully: "We haven't had Christmas at our house yet and we need a tree."

"That's tough," the boy said "how come?"

"Reason—"

"Tell me why or I won't give you this tree."

Nevvy let the tree go, watched it rock back and forth on its standard, and, thinking of his mother, hardened his voice. "The son we didn't have a tree is we couldn't afford it. No job for my dad, no dough. And the reason we didn't have any Christmas sooner was because of my mother. She was in the hospital having a baby. Then

Just as he yelled it, he heard a shout. Someone was coming down the path.

they let my mother come home right before New Year's, cause there wasn't anybody to keep care of the little kids 'cept me when my dad was job hunting."

"Tell me the rest," the boy said "please."

"Not much to tell. Only the hospital kept the baby 'cause it's premature and they aren't sure it's going to live. But the little kids—here's five of them—we promised them Christmas and we're gonna have it. I was going to take this tree home for a starter. Me and my dad have been making presents, but my guess you gotta have a tree. Even they know that."

The boy was quiet a time then. "Your brothers and sisters still believe in Santa Claus?"

"Oh, sure. I gave them a story about Santa Claus waiting until my mother got home to come to our house. They're beginning to wonder though."

"Listen," the boy's voice was eager. "Let me be Santa, will you? We have a full I could wear some pillows. How about it?"

Nevvy felt the boy's enthusiasm. "Sure," he answered offhandedly. "If you want to." Inside he was thinking how thrilled the kids would be.

"That'll be keen," the boy said. "Are you sure you don't mind?"

Nevvy knew then that the boy really wanted to do it. "Heck, no," he said sincerely. "They'll love it. Look, I'll give you the address and you come down in an hour—I'll leave the logs outdoors for your pack. Oh, and I'll have the windows—the front one—open for you. I'll take me awhile to get the tree up."

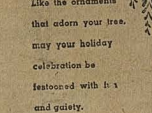
"Sweet!" the boy sounded excited. "Merry Christmas," Nevvy called after him and picked their Christmas tree up, not caring much more noise his shoes made as he ran down the alley.



Cooper's Plumbing  
and Heating



Mr. and Mrs.  
Don Brown - M.P.



Hon. Col. Greisinger



Mr. and Mrs. Laurence Brunet

## Christmas Services

The Choir of St. Andrew's Memorial Church, LaSalle, under the direction of Mrs. J. E. Aubin, presented a very delightful Christmas Cantata "The Choir of Bethlehem" by Noel Benson, at the Church on Sunday evening, December 20th. A new "Consonata" electric organ added to the beauty of the representation.

Solo parts were sung by Miss Joan Richardson, soprano, Mrs. I. W. Cochran, contralto, Mrs. R. Huntley, tenor, and Mr. Bert Silk, baritone.

Following the representation everyone enjoyed singing Xmas carols around the Christmas tree, and also enjoyed cookies and tea.

A Christmas Communion service will be held Thursday evening, December 24th, at 11:30 o'clock. There will be Christmas Communion on Christmas day, 10 a.m.

On the following Sunday, December 27th, there will be a family Communion Breakfast at 8 a.m. and a Christmas Carol Service at 10:30 a.m.

A cordial welcome is extended to all to attend these special services.

## Annual Good Turn

Every Guide and Brownie knows that when you do a good turn you do not expect, or accept, anything but thanks in return, and that doing a Good Turn makes you feel very happy. On Wednesday, December 16th, all the Guides and Brownies were especially happy because they sang carols to many of their friends, the sick, aged, and the "shut-ins" as their annual Christmas good turn.

Following the carol singing they all went back to the school for their Christmas party and here they completed their second "Good Turn", the filling of a huge Christmas stocking for little Ronnie - a two-year-old who has to spend Christmas in the hospital.

One of the Brownies, Joyce Lane, had earned her Golden Hand received it as she stood by the new Toaststool, and there Alice Brownson also received her Minstrel and Artist Badges. Then the Guides and Brownies sang carols for the Mothers and Fathers who were there to help make the Christmas party so happy. Hot chocolate & cookies tasted so good after the walking and carolling and then Mr. Neaman took over Santa's duty and distributed the gifts which included a bag of candy from the Local Association for each Guide and Brownie.

The thanks of all were expressed by the District Commissioner, Miss Amy MacLeary, to those faithful Mothers who have done so much not only the Christmas party, but also the other Guide activities such as success. Much credit is due to the few who work so hard.

## Notice to Bowlers

The mixed 5-pin league will bowl regularly Tuesday evening, December 29th.

The ladies 10-pin league will bowl until Friday, January 8th. In the Men's 10-pin league, those who would regularly bowl Thursday, December 24th and December 31st, will bowl instead on Monday, December 28 and January 4th.

Winners of the Christmas Turkey Roll in the Men's 10-pin league were Ted Glick, Hook Bondy and Ray Lalonde. The fourth winner whose name was not published in last week's paper is Frank Bergeron.



The twinkle of tree ornaments, the glow of warm hearths and the bright sparkle of holiday gaiety — all reflect our gay, friendly wishes for your Happy Holiday!

ALBEMY JANISSE & SON  
Funeral Home



In the spirit of friendliness and good cheer of the Christmas Season — we thank you for the many favors, and wish you all an old-fashioned Yule abounding with cheer and happiness.

J. E. LOREE  
REAL ESTATE



WE EXTEND OUR  
HOLIDAY GREETINGS  
TO OUR FRIENDS

Always at Christmas time, there comes that extra-special pleasure of extending to our many friends, the greetings of the season. It is with the thought of your good will and friendship that we wish you the fullest measure of Yuletide cheer and happiness at this time...

WARREN CLEANERS  
Agent - HARRY BOISMIER

May You Have a  
Merry Merry Christmas

